

did not relieve him from the death grasp around his heels, he made a most pitiable and desfening outcry, which roused the old wolves. No sooner had he reached the mouth of the den with the crying cub and ended his troubles, than they were seen coming with all possible vengeance. He immediately grasped his rifle and took his stand. Not being able to make his rifle bear upon them as they came up, they snapped at him and passed by. Again they wheeled and came at him, but he defended their attack. They then parted, one to attack him on one side and the other on the other side. As the enraged mother came snarling with her bare teeth, he deliberately discharged a ball into her jaws. Then instantly turning upon the other and yelling in defiance at him, he was so intimidated as to make good his retreat. He then plunged into the den again and brought out every cub, and when he had counted the dead he found nine cubs and their mother, regretting most of all that *one* should have escaped. What becomes of the lauded adventure of General Putnam into the wolf's den when compared with that of George McMullen? But we must not dwell longer upon these fearless encounters. His life is full of them. He has often traversed this county in this his favorite sport. At one time he was in the wilderness in the north part of it thirteen successive nights, without seeing a human person during the time. It was his custom, when young, to teach school during the winter. Before going to his school he would have a hunt. One autumn he killed sixty-

five deer, eleven bears, six red foxes, and nine martens. He then went down to the Susquehanna river, near the Wyoming valley, and taught school during the winter.

Mr. John Wrighter settled in this town in 1812. He is of German descent. His father was a native of Bavaria. He has a tall, heavy-built frame. His features are all well developed. His movements are slow, but firm and forcible. His mind, partaking of his bodily characteristics, is well balanced—acts with great deliberation and perseverance, and is not moved by difficulties or dangers. He has cultivated a farm, and devoted but a part of his time to hunting. His success is owing more to his calm and fearless manner of meeting wild animals, than from any dexterity.

On one occasion, while hunting, he saw the head of a large buck peering up from behind an obstacle. He shot, and the deer fell. Dropping his gun, he ran up to make sure of him; but, when within a step or two, the wounded buck rose upon his enemy. An enraged buck is a most dangerous animal to meet. His remarkable strength and agility combined, make him a formidable foe. Throwing forward his horns, with every bristly erect, he made a pass at him. But, with great coolness, he evaded his blow, and grabbed his horn. Then came "the tug of war." For some time they fought in close combat. The buck, brandishing his antlers, would have been glad to have plunged them into his foe and tossed him into the air. But he found the iron sinews of the old German too